

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



"YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, THEN, MARTHA?"

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE COTTAGE FARM AT P. RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE little cottage farm at P. (of which we had a partial glimpse in the first part of our story) had become, in process of time, wonderfully snug and comfortable. With continued help coming in from an unknown source, through Peake, the lawyer, and with no one to interfere with her proceedings after the mysterious departure of her daughter-in-law and old servant, Mrs. Franklin had

soon resumed her activity and good housewifery. Her sorrow for the desolation she had experienced was, no doubt, sincere and deep; but she did not suffer it to eat like a canker, and, stimulated by success in her small way, she gradually became reconciled to her lot, and wisely determined to make the best of it. We fear it must be allowed that there was a good deal of selfishness in the old woman's composition. Her son was lost to her, past recall; her daughter had chosen to dissociate herself from her; and her grandson, for whom, as we have seen, she had no very ardent affection, had been taken off her hands; and thus left alone, her thoughts and

efforts became more and more concentrated towards self. Happy in her returning prosperity she can scarcely be said to have been; but there is a kind of self-satisfaction which, with numberless people in the world, takes the place of happiness: and this Mrs. Franklin had.

She was as strong, hale, and hearty at sixty-five as many women are at fifty, and with a determined will she set about repairing her broken fortunes. She succeeded. Her dairy of two cows increased in time to six; her poultry-yard could boast of the best and choicest breeds in all the country round—not chosen for the beauty of plumage, however, but for their facility in fattening and their productiveness in eggs. Her acre or two of grazing-ground had been added to by a fresh hiring of several adjacent meadows as her requirements increased; and these fed not only her cows but a little flock of sheep, which had latterly numbered a full score. What, therefore, with her constant market for butter, eggs, and poultry; periodical dealings with a neighbouring butcher for five or six calves, and thrice as many lambs in the course of the year; the annual clip of wool from her standing flock; and with no large expenses to keep down or eat up her profits, Mrs. Franklin could scarcely be otherwise than prosperous. Under any ordinary circumstances she would almost certainly have saved money; but, taking into consideration the constant help already referred to, and the lowness of rent paid for her small farm, there could be no doubt that, in a modest way, Mrs. Franklin had grown rich.

None more heartily rejoiced in these evidences of prosperity than the squire of Oakley and his kind-hearted spouse. The reader knows, though Mrs. Franklin did not, that to them the foundation of her new fortunes, as well as the quarterly supplies of cash, was to be traced; and we all know that it is pleasant to look on the work of one's own hands. Besides, Miles Oakley felt in his innermost heart, that justice is most seemly when tempered with mercy; and he could think with more complacency of the deserved punishment dealt out by his means to the son, when he contemplated the results of his benevolence to the mother. We desire to draw attention here, as we have previously drawn it towards this characteristic of Miles Oakley, in order to account for what would seem to be an unnatural excess of generosity in his dealings with the younger Franklin, whom we have left for a short time only to the hospitalities of his stately home.

To return to the elderly Mrs. Franklin and her small farm. It was pleasant to see, not only the signs of prosperity around her dwelling, but the apparent comfort which reigned within. On the deflection, or disappearance of Letty and Martha, (after a short interval spent in remorseful grief and unavailing regret,) she took to herself a handmaiden of some fourteen years old to assist her in her home duties. We are bound, as faithful chroniclers, to record that the place was a hard place, and the mistress an exacting mistress. But the girl was kept in order, and so was the house; and though from year to year one help departed and another came, Mrs. Franklin had such an excellent capability of ruling, that every new arrival for the time being, however unpromising in previous training and temper, was soon reduced to obedience and compelled to industry.

For several years these small and young assistants were all that the energetic woman required, except the occasional labour of a man in any press of heavy work on the farm. But at three-score and ten, as Mrs. Franklin's bodily activity began to fail, and her possessions to increase, she found it not only desirable but necessary to keep a man constantly employed at day

wages. But to compensate for this abstraction from her hoardings, which grieved her not a little till she found it coming back to her in increasing profits, she determined thenceforth to resume the distaff herself; in other words, to dismiss her female attendant, and be once more her own servant.

One evening, about two years prior to the date to which we have brought down our history, and when Mrs. Franklin was at least seventy-five years of age, her kitchen door opened, and a woman entered with a heavy bundle in her hand, but such as a strong female might carry some distance on her arm.

Mrs. Franklin was at this time seated by her fire, her day's work done, and she, probably, nodding with sleepiness and fatigue. The intruder had therefore time to advance to the fire-place and seat herself in a chair opposite to the mistress of the house, without interruption—having taken the precaution of closing gently after her the door by which she had entered.

Mrs. Franklin started from her momentary doze, stared first at the uninvited guest, then at the bundle, which the woman had placed on the floor, and then spoke.

"You seem to make yourself quite at home, mistress," said she, in a tone of mingled curiosity and anger.

Certainly the stranger did seem to make herself quite at home; for, without immediately replying to the salutation, she took off her black silk bonnet, divested herself of her scarlet, large-hooded, short cloak, rose from her usurped seat, hung these articles of attire on an unoccupied peg, then coolly sat down again, and replied—

"I don't know where I should make myself at home if it is not here. Don't you know me, mistress?"

The aged woman started at the sound of the voice, rose hastily from her arm-chair, crossed the space between with tottering steps, and laid her shaking hands, one on each shoulder of the visitor, and gazed earnestly at her countenance.

"It isn't Martha White, is it?" she gasped, with faltering voice.

"Yes, mistress: I am Martha, your old Martha, you know."

"But—what—what? where?" Agitated thoughts came too thick and confused for utterance, as tremblingly she fell back to her chair, and panted for breath.

The intruder was silent.

"They—they told me you were—were dead," said the old woman at last, venturing to look up once more at the visitor.

"But I am not dead, you see, mistress: and the long and short of it is, I am come back to my old place. You'll have me, I know."

What more passed between the two women is not necessary to be set down. It is enough to say, that from that day the cottage had two occupants, and that not gradually, but directly and spontaneously, Martha White stepped into her old position, that of a faithful and self-denying, but self-willed and ruling domestic servant, or rather companion, and that Mrs. Franklin subsided as suddenly into the grumbling but submissive mistress.

We must not omit to tell, however, that the return of the long missed woman caused considerable sensation in the village and neighbourhood. It was indeed natural, and almost unavoidable, that people should inquire what had become of the partner of Martha's flight, and where the intervening fourteen years of her life (for to that length of time had her absence extended) had been spent. These questions threatened to be troublesome, and even serious in their consequences, until Martha took a de-

cisive step, which silenced, if it did not satisfy, all inquirers.

Our readers will not have forgotten a certain Mr. Melburn, a neighbouring magistrate. To him—about a week after her return—Martha White openly repaired, and after a short private interview retired, and wended her way homeward. From that time forth, when inconvenient or impertinent questions were put to her, her invariable reply was, that Mr. Melburn knew “all about it;” and if the anxious inquirers chose to apply to that gentleman, that gentleman would satisfy them—as far as he thought proper.

There was one other person, however, to whom it was supposed the secret of Martha's wanderings had been confided. This was Mrs. Oakley, who still kept up occasional intercourse with the cottage; and as she seemed satisfied with the explanations she received, the nine days' wonder soon ceased, and Martha White remained unmolested.

CHAPTER XLIV.—ANOTHER VISITOR AT THE FARM.

Two years passed away; and Mrs. Franklin, who had greatly failed in bodily strength, and still more in intellect, depended more and more upon Martha White for assistance in her daily business, but at the same time became increasingly captious, exacting, and suspicious. And it will not be out of place to record here one scene out of many, which will exhibit both women in a characteristic light to the reader.

It was the evening of an April day, which had been chequered with its proverbial showers and sunshine. The out-of-door work was done, and Martha, after preparing the usual frugal supper for her mistress and herself, drew near to the hearth, beside which Mrs. Franklin had been pretty nearly a fixture through the entire day. Before seating herself, however, Martha added three or four stout logs to the fire, which had sunk low between the iron dogs, which in those days, and in country houses, where much wood and little or no coal was consumed, answered the purpose of the modern grate.

“Martha!” said the ancient dame, in a tone of remonstrance and peevish excitement, “you mean to ruin me out of house and home.”

“It is as well to be comfortable while we can, mistress,” returned Martha, composedly. “It is damp and chilly to-night, and we shall be both of us the better for a cheerful blaze.”

“You think of nothing but your comfort,” murmured the old woman; “it is little enough you think of mine.”

The younger woman must have been used to such reproaches as this, for she answered calmly, “You know better than that, mistress; but we won't make words; shall I take the bits of sticks off again?”

“No, let them bide now; there's more where they came from, I suppose. Where are you going now?” This question was caused by Martha's rising from her seat and walking towards a door which led into a wash-house, which also opened into the dairy.

“There was a knock at the back door: didn't you hear it?” and, not waiting for the answer, Martha disappeared. She was gone a few minutes.

“Who was it, Martha?” demanded the mistress, when Martha returned.

“Nobody in particular, mistress: only Mary Elliot.”

“And what did she want, Martha? what did she come about?”

“She wanted some eggs for a sitting hen, and I promised she should have them to-morrow,” said Martha.

“She can't have them; she shan't have them; we can't spare them, Martha. You had no business to pro-

mise them without asking leave,” piped the old dame, in great agitation.

“Nonsense, mistress; there's plenty of eggs: and we may as well let a neighbour have them as send them to market; and as to asking leave to attend to your business, why, I have had that long ago, you know.”

After this there was a long silence, broken presently by Martha.

“There's been great doings at ‘The Oaks,’ mistress.”

“What's ‘The Oaks,’ Martha?”

“Well, to be sure! why, you know ‘The Oaks,’ mistress—where Squire Oakley lives? You know Mrs. Oakley, anyhow, that calls to see you so often?”

“She as come for the eggs, Martha?”

Martha made no reply to this. “Your grandson is come home from sea, mistress; and there has been bell-ringing, and gun-firing, and nobody knows what besides, to make him welcome home.”

“Oh! my grandson?” The tone in which this was uttered indicated almost entire obliviousness of the past, and almost complete obscuration of intellect as to the present.

“William Franklin, you know; may be he'll be coming to see you some of these days,” continued Martha.

“No, no, he is a long way off,” said the aged woman, a gleam of consciousness irradiating for a moment her darkened mind, at the sound of the old familiar name, and bringing back the memory of her lost son; but it was only for a moment. A matter of more immediate interest occupied what can scarcely be called her thoughts—let us say her instincts.

“Them eggs, Martha; was you paid for 'em?”

“No, mistress, to be sure not. They won't be had till to-morrow.”

“Oh, to-morrow; pick out the little 'uns, Martha.”

An hour passed away—more than an hour. Mrs. Franklin had been assisted by her attendant to her chamber, and was fast asleep. Martha, returning to the kitchen, sat sorrowfully looking into the fire, and tracing in its half-consumed and bright red brands fanciful images of things that never had been and never would be, till her eyes filled with tears. Then, hastily rising, she reached down a well-worn Bible from its shelf, and opened it on the table before her. She snuffed the candle, and read.

Gradually her countenance brightened, for her thoughts and feelings brightened, expanded, soared away. The Comforter was near to that poor disciple of the meek and lowly One, and through clouds of ignorance and sorrow poured in light and peace. Late taught to know Him, whom to know is life eternal, she had learned also to cast her cares upon Him who cared for her.

Two hours had passed away; the old clock in the corner struck ten, and warned the reader that it was time for her to seek her chamber, when a soft hesitating tap at the window made her start—not with alarm, for Martha was stout-hearted—but with surprise.

“Somebody is taken ill”—this was her first thought—and wants help. It is a good thing I was not gone to bed;” and she rose, drew back the bolt, and opened the door.

The night was so dark, cloudy, and starless, that Martha did not at first perceive a man, who stood without; nor did she see him till she heard a strange husky voice—

“Martha White.”

She was very near upon screaming; but she did not.

“Who is it, and what do you want?”

"I am a poor wanderer; I want food and shelter. Will you give them?"

"I dare not. I have no right to give what is not mine; but—but you mentioned my name: if you are a stranger, how did you know it?"

"I do not say I am a stranger; I come from a long way off—beyond seas; I knew of you over there. May I come in? I will go again if you tell me that I must."

Bewildered, confused, unable to reply, with one thought, or conjecture, or suspicion, overpowering and bearing down every other feeling, Martha opened the door wider. The man entered, closed the door after him, secured it with the bolt, then drew near to the embers of the fire.

He was a man considerably past middle age, as it seemed; the hat he wore low down over his forehead, and which he did not at first remove, concealed his hair and shaded his eyes; but it did not hide his haggard cheeks, nor the grey bristles of several days' growth, which fringed his pale lips and hung thick upon his chin. His hands, as he clasped them together, showed themselves to be hard and knotted, and embrowned with toil; but they trembled so violently that they could scarcely retain their grasp of each other. He was dressed well enough, in the ordinary garb of a country labouring man; and, whatever might be his distress, an observer would not have attributed it to poverty.

"You do not know me, then, Martha?" said the man, after standing for a moment or two in silence.

The woman did not reply: with straining eyes, gasping lips, and blanched cheeks, she stood, holding on to the table for support. Only a deep-drawn convulsive hysterical sob escaped from her. A timely relief! but for that she would have swooned.

The man slowly removed his hat, and threw back, with a motion of his hand, the long thin hair which fell over his forehead. It was enough.

"My master! my dear old master! my good, my innocent, my poor persecuted, suffering master!" The words gushed out amidst cries, and sobs, and tears! Then she was on her knees before him, clasping his knees—kissing his very feet in her wild delirium; then she had risen and clasped him in her arms; then she was resting her head on his shoulder.

"My poor William, whom I have known from a boy! My old, kind friend, whom I witnessed against! Oh, forgive me! forgive me!"

The man's strength and fortitude forsook him at last. His hands dropped heavily to his sides; his knees trembled; he staggered like a drunken man, and would have fallen, but that Martha for an instant supported him, and assisted him to the vacant arm-chair by the fire-side. Then the returned wanderer covered his face with his hands, and groaned deeply, while big scalding tears escaped between his fingers, and coursed one another down his furrowed cheeks.

The woman was the first to recover presence of mind.

"Master William, you are come back, as I always thought you would; but"—and here she sunk her voice to a whisper—"it is before the time; the twenty years isn't up; and you have come back in the dark of the night. Is there any danger? Will any harm come of it, if it is known you are about?"

"I should be hanged like a dog: that's all, Martha," said the returned convict, calmly.

"Then there *is* danger; I thought as much; and there are prying eyes about. Does any one know of your being in these parts, or in England?"

"Nobody but Morris, of 'The Traveller's Rest.' I was obliged to put up somewhere; and I put up there last night. I did not mean to let him know who I was, and I thought I was so altered that he wouldn't have found me out; but he did: and he helped me to the clothes I have got on. I am not afraid of his splitting upon me. There's honour among thieves, you know, Martha," said the man, bitterly.

Martha did not reply. Perhaps she did not hear; for, while her old master was speaking, she was busy hanging her cloak over the already curtained window, so as to exclude every ray of light from any chance of escape. In like manner she covered up the door, after jealously examining its fastenings, and drew a thick curtain across the inner door-way, with the same careful intent. "If a light should chance to be seen so late about the house, people will begin to wonder," she said; "and that's the first thing towards finding out a secret. Oh! my poor, poor master! to think that there should ever be a need of keeping you in hiding!"

Not until she had satisfied herself that these precautions were successful did Martha give a thought to the probable needs of her returned master. But soon more logs were heaped upon the hearth, a table was spread with food, a jug of new milk from the dairy was placed beside it, and the guest was told to eat and drink. Then did Martha sit down opposite him, and fairly give way to a flood of honest tears, which unspeakably relieved her.

Meanwhile, the wanderer tried to eat; but it was little more than a pretence. At length he impatiently pushed away his plate.

Not until then did either of them speak. Martha was the first to open her lips.

"You are not come home alone, William? Where is my own Letty?"

The man half rose, then fell back in his chair.

"Oh, what have I done? What have I said?" cried poor Martha, alarmed at the ghastly change which spread over the countenance of her old master.

The shock (if there had been a shock) was transitory in its effects, however. In a few seconds the man recovered sufficiently to hear from old Martha what the reader will presently learn.

Far into the early morning did Martha and her secret visitor sit conversing in low and guarded tones—except when an occasional sudden burst of surprise or indignation from the man overpowered caution. It was three o'clock before the conference ended; then, warned by the near approach of dawn, Martha stole up-stairs and prepared her own bed for the weary traveller, taking care to draw the window-blinds close, and to caution the guest not to approach the window or leave the room, nor to stir in it till she gave him leave. After this she descended to the kitchen, extinguished the candle, wrapped herself in a blanket, and, making a temporary couch of three chairs and some cushions, tried to compose herself to sleep: but sleep would not come.

A few hours later, on entering the chamber, Martha was alarmed by the altered appearance of the fugitive's countenance. His eyes were glassy, wandering, and wanting in intelligence. His cheeks were flushed, and his brow and lips parched. The man lay tossing uneasily on his bed, and deep groans burst from him at intervals, as from one in great bodily suffering.

Martha spoke to him, but received no answer; she took his hand in her own: it was burning hot; she felt his pulse: it was sharp and rapid.

"Fever!" she whispered to herself.

It was fever: how brought on it was not difficult to guess. The man had travelled on foot several days—had slept at night in strange and probably damp beds, at cheap lodging-houses—had passed the previous day, or many hours of it, in the woods, where he had been soaked with the April showers: added to this, his mind was agitated. No wonder he had fever, and that the fever had affected the brain.

Martha was a brave little woman, and her mind was active and fertile in resources. She had no great amount of medical knowledge: but she had some; for we may let out so much of her secret as to say, that during her many years' absence she had been for some time a hospital nurse. But, better than imperfect medical knowledge, she had common sense; and she had sense enough to exercise it, which is exactly what some persons have not. We may therefore leave the poor patient to her care.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

PINNOCK AND MAUNDER.

WILLIAM PINNOCK and Samuel Maunder do not rank with the high and notable personages, with some of whom it has been my lot to associate in portions of my life; nor with the great poets, authors, artists, and men eminent in sciences, whom I have also had the fortunate opportunities to meet and to know sufficiently for these slight personal sketches. Yet were they individuals who, raising themselves from a humbler sphere, came to initiate, or newly systematize a species of popular literature which exerted a wide and beneficial national influence, especially upon the lower and middle classes of the people, and showed the way to the extension and improvement of similar works, now so variously and voluminously addressed to the present generation of readers. I believe I may state, without fear of contradiction, that from the Council on Education to the innumerable host of publications devoted to general intelligence and instruction (diffusion of knowledge, as it is phrased), there are none who do not owe a deep debt of gratitude to Pinnock and Maunder for organizing, where they did not originate, plans for the attainment of these most desirable objects. No doubt we had, or have, our Watts, Goldsmiths, Blairs, Mavors, Murrys, Mangnalls, Enfields, and others, whose productions contributed much towards promoting the education of the *many* in their time; but they were rather insulated in their valuable efforts, and it was not till the period was probably riper for the wished-for progress, and Pinnock and Maunder started us with their Catechisms and condensed Histories, that the aim was brought to bear upon the millions, now better prepared and more ready and apt for the reception of information.

Before entering into particulars, however, I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the action and re-action which has created so vast a difference between the date when Pinnock's school-books were first thrown broadcast over the land, and the (at any rate not self-confessedly "ignorant") present. About fifty years ago, after one of the most dreadful political convulsions and consequent series of desolating wars that ever outraged humanity, peace was regained, and the civilized world restored to a condition of comparative tranquillity. It was a propitious epoch. The fearful contest had occupied all minds, and the relief from anxieties and terrors was marvellous. The tragedy was over; torrents of blood had ceased to flow; stratagems and plots no longer perplexed and haunted every imagination; the stage was

clear, and the performers who soonest stepped forth to occupy it, no matter in what new line, were sure of an attentive and encouraging audience. Luckily for William Pinnock, and for the public, he came forward strong and powerful, because right-minded, ingenious, able, and inventive, in the great educational business. His success was immediate and extraordinary—effecting at once, as it were, by a single stroke, what has since required years of labour and perseverance to accomplish. With him the industry followed the remarkable hit—with his successors, the industry has been obliged to be employed previously to achieving the goal. To work and work up, to speculate on novel devices, to invent new ways, to plan attractive roads, to reclaim waste grounds, to attract attention, to provoke curiosity, to flatter prejudices, to enlist opinions, are all shapes of the multitudinous issues from the press which either generate or pretend to generate "useful knowledge." Few are diffident enough to confess to simple amusement as their object; the wisest abstain from the pedagogue dogmatism which would cram teaching down reluctant throats; and perhaps the most serviceable of all are those who have the talent to produce, and the skill to mingle, the light with the grave and the interesting with the instructive. A very small number are mischievous and demoralizing; but it is a gratifying fact to affirm, that the preponderance rests with the well-disposed and truly patriotic. The press bears an awful responsibility, and some of the errors and offences of which it is guilty, it would, no doubt, be difficult to excuse or justify; but taken altogether, as conducted at the present day, it must be a high gratification to its busy workers to be able to assert that (with very few exceptions) it cultivates intelligence, rests on sound principles of morality, and labours, on the whole, energetically and successfully to promote the amelioration and happiness of mankind.

The prodigious power and influence of the press, date much of their growth and increase from the period to which I have referred. One feature in the change is especially remarkable. It has metamorphosed literature into the condition of a trade, or, let us say, the rank of a profession. It is no longer a case of stragglers, volunteers, insulated knights of the pen, or original thinkers, extemporized for peculiar occasions. There is now a great and constant market for the commodity in all its shapes; and the demand has not failed to bring out the supply. We must also observe that the "articles" vary in value, from a mere doubtful balance to a very high amount; that the profits are considerable, and that influence and authority are within the reach of talent and ambition; and we need not be surprised to find so numerous a body now enrolled on the lists, and dependent for subsistence on literary services. In this form "the profession of literature" is new. Men are bred to it. They are regimented in it. They are employed and paid in it by mercantile dealers, who obtain and dispose of the produce. Brainwork comes within the grasp of capital, and is treated much in the same manner as handwork. We are all well acquainted with immense manufactories, imposing wholesale warehouses, and smart multifarious retail shops; the competition is strenuous, the prices capricious, the sales enormous, and from the ancient hack to the modern popular writer, the range is one of great extent, great variety, and great difference in emolument and character. A few amateurs and independent candidates are still occasionally seen; but the practice has become more regular, and a writer for the press has arrived at a publicly recognised status.

But to return from this digression. A generation has

passed away since William Pinnock came before the public. A few may still survive who yet remember the sensation created by his publications when they were first issued to the public. Half the schoolmasters in England adopted them—they were at once what is called a prodigious success.

William Pinnock was a very original character. He commenced his literary career in a small way as a schoolmaster, in Hampshire—I think at Alton—near which another remarkable man, William Cobbett, was also produced. It was in this occupation that the design of the Catechisms was suggested to his mind; and he was not long in carrying the experiment into effect. Provincial success, as usual, pointed to London as the grand theatre whereon to push this promising adventure, and in conjunction with his brother-in-law and executive literary coadjutor, Mr. Maunder, a publishing house was established in the metropolis. For two or three years the partners were publishers of the "Literary Gazette," which served to extend their connections; being then, like their own concern, started as a novel trial of popular taste, to ascertain how far the frequent issue of a periodical embracing the latest miscellaneous intelligence of literature, science, and fine arts, might hope for general support. This experiment, like their own, was pre-eminently successful, and the example it set, and the course it opened, has also been very advantageously followed out, both as regards the public and the imitators of the original pattern—with or without amendments. Meanwhile the Catechisms multiplied, and fully answered their purpose. They did not aim at too much. They were concise; and they possessed the real excellence which ought to belong to every work of tuition: they began at the beginning, and did not take it for granted that the learner was already acquainted with so much it was unnecessary to teach. They multiplied, and embraced many and very various subjects. From the teaching for the Peasant's Cottage, to the teaching from the Herald's College, there was no remissness in the flow of the instructive stream; and issues and re-issues enrich the catalogues of eminent publishers to this day. Education for the people has now become a great national question. Whatever differences of opinion there may be on other parts of the question, I am free to express my opinion, that under any system, the productions of Pinnock and Maunder may be most beneficially employed. Soon, condensed Histories were superadded to the Catechisms, and, for that time, I may state they were carefully edited. At least I can vouch for one, Goldsmith's "England," which, at the request of Pinnock and Maunder, I examined critically, and could not detect any appreciable number of doubtful points or serious errors. *Ex uno disco omnes*. I believe equal pains were bestowed upon the rest, and their reception was extraordinary. If I am not mistaken, the profit upon the volume I have mentioned, amounted to above £2000 in one year!

The ball of fortune was at his feet; but William Pinnock was imprudent, and he kicked it away. If ever the spirit of speculation was incarnated in a human body, it filled every vein and pulse in his frame. With the old poet, Wither, (and "wither" would have been a too appropriate forewarning shadow) he might repeat

"That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;"

and so he never ceased to attempt something new—something out of the common way. With a large income, and very moderate expenditure, it would seem fabulous to tell by what absurdities this otherwise extremely clever man got rid of his very considerable emoluments,

and plunged himself into difficulties. One instance may serve. He took it into his head to fancy that an immense sum might be realized by a monopoly of the wood for veneering. An elaborate calculation of the furniture in which it was used, and especially piano-fortes, followed the idea, and afforded the most satisfactory conclusions. The next step was a visit to all the principal repositories of the article, and even to vessels in the river and docks, and the purchase of all that could be got. But the furniture-making and the piano-forte building went on the same as ever, and there was no demand for Pinnock's veneer at advanced prices; so, as he could not sell it at a profit, he betook himself to the manufacture of the musical instruments to work it up, and he lost, as he confessed, a mint of money upon the egregious speculation. It was by this and similar outbreaks that a most productive and increasing business was dissipated and lost. The close was melancholy. Driven wild by his failures, poor Pinnock witnessed the sale of his copyrights—the mere wreck of which enriched several great creditor houses, and yields valuable returns to this day—and sank into a low estate, ever busy with something, but having lost the power of doing anything. Project after project vanished; yet he was withal a well-meaning and honest man, apparently ruined by an excitable temperament which it would puzzle the wisest physiologist to explain.

After his death, Mr. Maunder, who sustained him to the last, though his sound sense and prudence could not control his aberrations, struck into a laborious and useful career for himself. Fortunately he entered into relations with a house which had the power to afford his abilities full scope to find their own reward in the product, and to render an immeasurable service to the country by that wide dissemination which their eminent position in the trade, and long-established hereditary influence, could command for anything truly deserving of public acceptance. It was truly a fortunate event that Maunder came into association with the Messrs. Longmans.

From the humbler Catechisms, Maunder found his upward way to the higher region of the Treasuries. I forget the order of their publication, but can refer to Geography, History, Natural History, Science, Literature, Biography—and, I believe the most widely circulated of them all, though all had very extensive circulation, the "Treasury of Knowledge, and Library of Reference"—no doubt a very captivating title, but fairly sustained by the sale—has had a sale, as I have ascertained, of upwards of two hundred thousand copies. I perceive new editions frequently advertised, with such improvements and additions as the onward course of time must render necessary; but this can in no measure limit the eulogy I am justified in bestowing upon the subject of this notice, as a distinguished benefactor of the youth of his country, and an exemplary contributor to the promotion of intellectual culture among all classes in the British empire. He thus describes the object of his books:—"The pressing calls of business or of duty deprive many of the means of pursuing literature or science in any better way than by desultory reading, aided by books of reference; and he who claims the parentage of this volume is not one who disdains the humbler efforts of the intellect, or despises the rudest stepping-stones to learning, being convinced that every advance, however trifling, which the mind makes towards attaining perfection, increases the rational enjoyments of life." The conscientiousness and impartiality with which Maunder has treated every department of his various toil, are not the least remarkable nor the least laudable of the results, and are most conspicuous where the

greatest individual judgment was required. I can call to mind no instance of more even-handed justice; and this is an element which, when joined with his indefatigable pains-taking and diligent research, his absence of ambition, and contentment with accuracy and solidity of information, has conferred upon his productions the celebrity and acceptance they so thoroughly deserve. He has honourably earned, in the humble literary path he trod, the lasting reputation of a standard author. I speak of him thus warmly, because he was an honourable and worthy man in every relation of life.

I do not, however, desire to conclude this sketch with the dry particulars of books, or the grave reflections suggested by the remembrance of days that are gone. I will turn for a few moments to one of the Treasuries which required the utmost consideration, viz., "The Biographical Treasury." No department of literature requires greater judgment and candour, and in my opinion Maunder was candidly imbued with the right spirit for this work. He was aware that after all observation and inquiry—from intimacy to accessory report—we could know but little of our fellow men, except what was learned from the outside of things; that thoughts, secret motives, aims, accidents, temptations, impulses—the hinges on which all that was said or done in reality turned—were hidden in recesses impenetrable to the most acute investigator of circumstances; and yet, without this knowledge to shape the decision, there was nothing but guess, and some judicial or philosophic balancing, to determine a comparatively accurate judgment of character, and that the real origin of human destinies might probably have entirely escaped the purview of the biographer. The feeling of this great truth seems to have inspired the modesty so significant in Maunder's estimates, and I simply take occasion to indicate it as a suggestion to every writer or compiler who may follow in his footsteps, to beware of the dictatorial tone, which can only make truth more unwelcome and error more pernicious.

For the nonce, I have assumed the place of the biographer's biographer; and I must offer an excuse: let it be drawn out of two stories, by way of relief to my sententiousness. There was once upon a time an eagle brought down by an arrow, looking on which he saw that the shaft had sped to its mark by the aid of a feather plucked from his own wing. He was thus deplored in death by means of what he had supplied in life, and left to "dull oblivion, and a name forgot." In Eastern tale, (among a mass of riches, whence many Western marvels, drolls, and legends, are derived,) there is a humorous story of the Goroo Noodle class, in which it is told of twelve sagacious brothers, that having, in travelling, crossed a rapid river, it occurred to them to reckon their number, in order to ascertain if all had passed in safety. So one after another counted, and every one omitting to count himself, it clearly appeared, and was unanimously carried, that one brother had either been left behind or drowned in the passage. To make sure of either fact, they agreed to recross the stormy stream, and—but my example need not go farther. The whole illustration is only to point the remark, that so far as I have been able to consult the latest productions of this class, I cannot find either the name of William Pinnock nor that of Samuel Maunder among those who have most efficiently contributed to our national literature, and above all, to establish the system of popular education. Yet it seems to me that both are eminently deserving of that distinction; and it is a melancholy satisfaction to me to endeavour to rectify the omission in the pages of "The Leisure Hour."

OUR SISTERS IN CHINA.

V.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absence of acquaintance previous to marriage, there appears to be a considerable amount of domestic happiness in China. Dr. Morrison gives two ditties, which bring this feature beautifully out—

"In death and in life, nor, however distant from me,
I will never forget you.
To you I have already sworn.
I have once grasped your hand,
And will be constant to you till we grow old together."

Another—

"To bend the bow and shoot it,
Is my husband's proper duty;
'Tis mine to prepare the banquet.
Till we grow old together,
The harp and viol shall ever be before us,
And never shall we cease to cherish tranquility and love."

This has also struck us in our intercourse with Chinese families, which proves that courtship is not essential to happiness, but that well-regulated minds, and a knowledge of their respective duties, are the great requisites. They have some interesting proverbs relating to marriage: they say "marriages are made in heaven;" "that a wife shall be a treasure, or a son an emolument, is all settled beforehand."

POLYGAMY.

We have often been asked, "And have the Chinese only one wife?" The law of China only recognises one wife, whose offspring alone have a legal right to their property; but if she have no sons they are permitted to marry another. Monogamy is thus the law, and polygamy illegal. But though only one wife is permitted, concubinage is winked at. A man may have as many wives as he can afford, and accordingly we find merchants with two or three, and wealthy men with many wives. We heard the other day of a house adjoining the one we lately occupied being taken by a young gentleman of great wealth who has thirty wives. The first wife, however, is supreme. She sits as queen. The others all pay her the most marked deference; she regulates the household expenses; she knows how much provision to give out daily; and she herself attends to its distribution, unless the family be too large, when she has a man who acts as secretary. This often clothes her with a dignity of demeanour, and gives her a force of character, which the others who depend on her too often fail to evince. This household government is very ancient. It is embodied on their hieroglyphics; for one of the characters which expresses "wife," is compounded of the one for *business*, and the one for *woman* placed underneath it. The idea is, the woman who has business on her shoulders. The other word for "wife" is no less significant, though it refers to other duties, and is employed as a humbler term. It is formed of the characters for woman placed on the left side, and the characters for a hand and a broom on the right side, indicating the lady who wields the broom. The secondary wives, or concubines, are not married in the same elaborate way as that in which the first wife was introduced. They are often bought, and when they enter the household the only form they go through is, that they approach the master and the mistress, who are set in the hall to receive them, and prostrate themselves first before him and then before her, and afterwards enter the harem.

We have often wondered whether they were happy in the society of each other; and in some households there is doubtless a certain amount of peace and harmony. They

look cheerful, and in their diversions and walks in their gardens, seem to have a regard for each other. Still, there is often great misery. A concubine sometimes engrosses the attention of the master. Jealousy enters, and envy and strife, and hatred and every mischief arise, and rend and torment the household. On such occasions suicide is often had recourse to; and it is not unfrequent to hear of a woman drowning herself by throwing herself headforemost into a well, which is the fashionable way. Opium, too, is used for this purpose, and cases of most determined suicide through this often occur.

The sufferings of the ladies in China, in different parts of the country, have been dreadful of late years. The rebel hordes which have been devastating the country have terribly affected them; the dwellings of the rich are the first plunder they lay their hands on, and the females suffer most. The inmates are scattered. Many flee in a state of utter destitution, and have no place to shelter them; some burrow in a country hovel, others lie down and die, others—many hundreds—drown themselves; many are caught, and suffer worse than death. Oh that wretched country, how it bleeds, how it suffers! no mortal tongue can tell their miseries, relative as well as personal. We believe that this rebellion, terrible though it is, is needed to break up the deathlike indifference to divine truth which has deepened into a state harder than adamant in that Atheistic empire. It is God's ploughshare in its solemn work, breaking up the soil for his own glorious purposes.

COUNTERACTIVES TO POLYGAMY.

Although polygamy prevails, as we have seen, pretty extensively, yet it is important to notice that moralists in that country condemn it strenuously, even as we do here. They affirm that it is detrimental to virtue, to energy, progress, and the well-being of the state. They permit a man to marry a second wife if his present wife has passed the age of forty, and had no children. And they have succeeded so far in their efforts, that a public opinion has been created, which very highly commends a man if he abstain on these grounds, but as authoritatively commands him to marry, if there is no likelihood of an offspring. Hence it is very difficult to convince even professing Christians among the Chinese, of the unlawfulness of marrying a second wife on *any* condition, while the first is alive. We once had a most animated debate with one on this point, who actually wished me to advise an excellent missionary to marry another wife, seeing that his own dear spouse had passed the two score years.

Providence, too, has interposed another check on this evil, which has a powerful influence, and must be noticed. We refer to the ardent desire which mightily exists in the minds of the Chinese to have a progeny of sons as speedily as possible, in order that their sons may provide for them if necessary, and especially, present offerings to their manes if they die. This leads them to marry early; and here the check operates. At that period of life funds are generally low, or they are dependent on their parents, so that they can support no more than one wife; and as their family increases their expenses augment, and thus many are never able to support more than one. Thus here, as everywhere, do we find one desire counteracting another, and the balance of nature maintained by the law of compensation. Monogamy, on this account predominates as a whole, and has always done so. Let us hope that the introduction of Christianity, with its higher motives, will gradually bring about a purer morality and better public opinion on this as on many other social questions.

MOTHERS.

The responsibilities and duties of mothers are very much insisted on by Chinese moral writers. They argue and illustrate the necessity of mothers commencing the education of their offspring from the very earliest period—some say from their very birth. They are told to watch the disposition as it develops; to check the bad and to foster the good; to store their opening minds with sound principles and with truth; to set before them, in glowing language, the lives of their good and great men; and to enforce their teaching by a strict regard to their own demeanour, that their precepts and practice may never appear at variance.

Accordingly, the training of the youthful mind is confided to the mother, and the boys, as well as the girls, live with their mother, sit with her, and eat with her, until they reach full boyhood. Also, in perfect conformity with these injunctions, youths are commanded to revere their mother as well as their father. The older they grow, and the more dependent their mother becomes, the more incumbent is this duty set before them; and they are never relieved from implicit obedience.

Here comes in one of those strange anomalies which often meet us in social life. In the very books where women are spoken so lightly of, are statements in which veneration for both parents is insisted upon as one of their most sacred duties. In manhood, and even in old age—in the lowest grades of life, as well as in the highest official positions—men are required to respect and obey their mother. The emperor is even obliged by the laws and principles of his government to grant leave of absence to any mandarin, if he be an only son, and if his widowed mother requires his attention; and so far is this carried, that the emperor dare not constitutionally refuse, although he knows that the alleged reason is only a pretence to escape from some official difficulty. Again, the customs of domestic life constantly exemplify this. A Chinese gentleman rarely thinks of introducing a friend to his wife. He seems to think that she is not worthy of the honour, and instead of this introduces his friend to his mother. The friend introduced performs one of the most humble of their prostrations in her honour. He kneels before her, and touches the ground repeatedly with his forehead. The son considers this as her due, and in token thereof returns the compliment by kneeling and striking his forehead on the ground before his friend. And just as with us: the more aged our mother becomes, and the riper we grow in years and experience, the more profoundly do we venerate her who tended us in our infant hours; so in China, the feelings are often touched by witnessing two grey-bearded men, with thoughtful, grateful hearts, kneeling before each other in presence of an old, and, may be, decrepit, withered woman. Her aged son honours her, though all others may despise her.

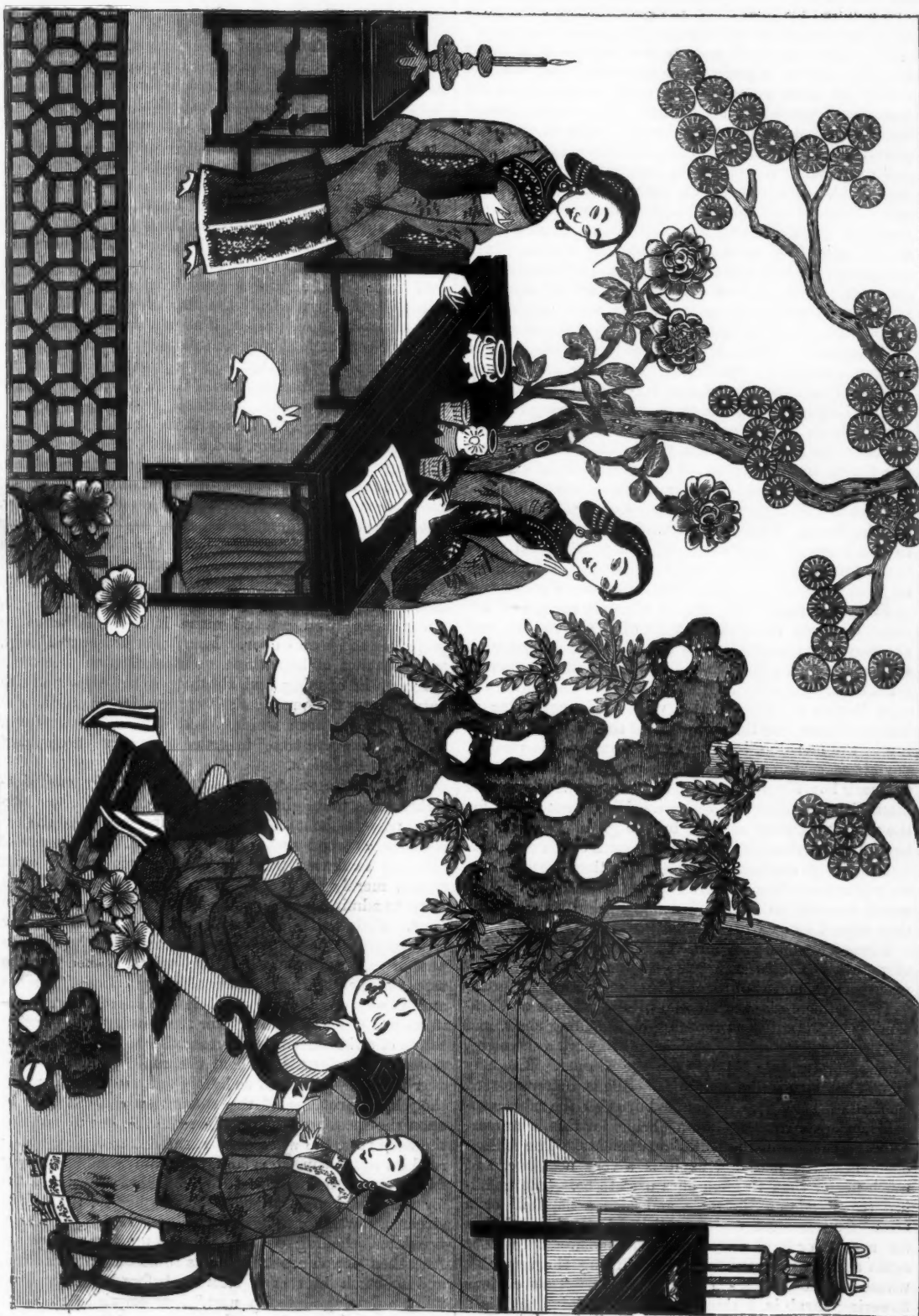
There are many books in China in which this duty is inculcated. One especially deserves to be specified. It is called "The Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety." It is illustrated by drawings, and is very popular. The following are two of the instances, taken from Dr. Morrison, who translates some of them, which will help the reader to understand the subject better:—Tsae-shun lived under the Han dynasty (B.C. 200—A.D. 100). When a fatherless boy, he and his widowed mother fell in with times of anarchy and famine. The boy found a resource in gathering mulberries, and whilst separating the black from the yellow—the ripe from the unripe—he was seen by the red-eyebrowed robbers, and was interrogated about what he was doing. The lad replied, the ripe (mulberries) I present to my mother; the unripe I eat

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CHINESE LADIES AT HOME. "DON'T WAKEN HIM."



myself. The robbers compassionated the fatherless boy, and admired his filial piety, and gave him three measures of white rice and a cow's foot.

The following is still more to our purpose, as it shows how the mother is preferred to the child:—Kō-keu had a child of three years, and an aged mother; from the poverty of the family his mother often suffered want of food. Keu said to his wife, "In the midst of our deep poverty, it is impossible for us to feed both our mother and our child. We must, for our mother's sake, bury this child. We may obtain another child; but a lost mother cannot be replaced." The wife consented to the death of her child, and Keu forthwith digged a grave three cubits deep, when he suddenly saw a mass of yellow gold, on which was this inscription:—"Heaven confers this yellow gold on Kō-keu, the dutiful son; the government must not seize it, nor may any of the people take it from him." And they have a reason for everything. What will our readers think is urged in excuse for this? "I choose to save the life I cannot give." That is the consolation Kō-Keu laid to his heart.

The Emperor Han-wan-te (A. C. 151), during his mother's illness is said never to have closed his eyes nor loosened his girdle for three years. A monstrous and idle fiction, but it is intended to furnish a royal example of very devoted filial piety, and so to encourage the practice of that virtue in all classes of society throughout the State. Filial piety towards the mother, as well as the father, is thus made imperative. "Filial piety is the first of all virtues," and "Filial piety is the root of all good actions," are proverbs in the mouth of every one.

Farther, a mother has almost absolute control of her son. She can order him to do what she pleases, and she may even accuse him to a magistrate as unkind, and, without requiring to specify the offence, the magistrate must order him to be flogged.

A Roman Catholic bishop, who lived some time at Peking, affirms that the first duty of the emperor, on rising in the morning, is to proceed to wait on his mother, pay his respects, and receive her commands; and if she, to mark her dignity, refuses to see him, he prostrates himself at her door and returns. We do not vouch for the perfect accuracy of this, but we give it as being entirely in accordance with the sentiments of the country.

Few things amuse the Chinese more than the attention we pay to our wives. Were it paid to our mothers, they would consider us filial and commendable, but as it is, they regard us as a hen-pecked generation.

These facts tend very much to ameliorate the condition of women in China. They are seldom noticed by European writers, and thus an incorrect estimate is formed.

In the page illustration, one of the "Lords of Creation" is represented as reposing on a folding chair, and the two ladies are raising their hands to warn a slave girl, who is coming in, not to awake the sleeper. The lady on the left side is the first wife. She is better dressed than the other. A red candle burns on the table, probably before a small idol in a shrine, for this is universally the custom in the ladies' apartments. The folding chair is worth noticing, as it is a very neat one, and much neater than English ones used to be. The unfailing tea stands on the table, and also a handbill or a tract—for tracts are often published by native scholars for special or local purposes. The moon-shaped door again appears, and the frame for burning the vegetable whose smoke scatters the mosquitoes. That curious flowering shrub is, I think, peculiar to China, and is a great favourite. The leaves grow in ball-shaped clusters, and out of their centre opens a beautiful white blossom, not unlike the horse chesnut, but six times larger.

LIFE IN MARYLAND.

IV.—IN THE WOODS.

CERTAINLY Monk behaved well that night, and atoned for all his juvenile gambols and skittish ways, in a manner that could not have been expected of a horse with hardly a single lustrum of experience in this world, and none at all of the perils and dangers of a dark night and a driving storm in the woods. How he ever found the path, much less kept it, must for ever remain a marvel; but he was left implicitly to his own resources, and certain it is that in something under an hour, he gallantly accomplished the three miles of sheer groping in the dark, and only once ran the carriage upon a bank, when he stood stock still of his own accord, and we heard the pitiless rain driving down over our heads like a river. Only the day before, I had trotted the same distance, (rather, I should say, *been trotted*), behind clever little Dandy, a mere pony, in fifteen minutes and a quarter; "and that," said my driver—an excellent one, as all Southerners are—"is nothing to what he would do if he was in training. I would bring him up to a mile in 2.40 in no time." And certainly it was a pleasant sensation, and a novel one, to be dashing at twelve miles an hour through the fresh and clear air, under the arching trees—now past the dark gloom of pines, then through more open glades of oak and cedar, not with the helpless, automaton feeling of rushing behind the steam-horse, but with the pleasant click of little Dandy's hoofs upon the dry road all the way, and the sight of the spirited little beast, answering bravely to his master's chirrup, putting out his whole strength, and tossing his head and mane in triumph, when he pulled up at his own door. I ought, in justice to Dandy, to notify that at least three quarters of a minute were taken up in opening and shutting a large gate at the entrance to the premises; because Master Levi, who ought to have been waiting, according to instructions, "behind a warm tree," in order to act as janitor, had chosen to *skedaddle*.

But a trotting-match against time, even in good daylight, and a midnight stumble through Cimmerian darkness, possess about equal advantages, as far as the enjoyment of wood scenery is concerned. The sense of pleasure awakened by rapid driving, exhilarating as it is, is a merely physical emotion, too oppressive while it lasts, to admit anything calmer than itself into the category. Sleight-riding, though apparently coming under the same class, presents some differences. The very aspect of external nature in all its winter nakedness, the trees stripped of their "coats of many colours," "moor and pleasure looking equal in one snow," casts a reflection of peace and purity over the mind, which the sensation of swift movement serves rather to enhance by contrast than to impair. Then, the rapid gliding motion over the snow is in itself so lulling and ethereal, so unlike the jolting progress of the smoothest wheeled vehicle, upon the most unimpeachable turnpike, not to mention the deep ruts, the wheel-tracks, the ups and downs of a road *au naturel* in Maryland, that you would probably fall asleep in the depths of your buffalo-robe, were it not for the merry jingling bells of the horses, the bright streamers waving at their ears, and their gay scarlet necklaces, shaking out colour and music as they go. And then, if you are so lucky as to be out till sundown, and to catch him at a clearing before he drops down "like a flamingo into his nest," how exquisite to watch the rosy tinting of the spotless snow, or to see his dying rays shoot golden, through the icicles that are hanging thick upon the snake-fences and the fir-branches, till

they shine like clearest amber; till the moon, pure and peerless, treading fast upon the sudden night, (who goes in shoes of swiftness in these regions,) pours her soft splendour from the eastern heavens, and turns the whole landscape into a sheet of silver.

Sleighting, however, is merely a parenthesis in the short Maryland winter; and the time to enjoy the scenery of the woods is in that delicious season, made yet more lovely by the transit of the Indian summer, which, by one of the very few really graceful Americanisms, is invariably denominated the fall. The word is simpler than our autumn, and there is a tinge of melancholy in it that takes my fancy, perhaps because the faintest approach to melancholy is so rare a thing over yonder. They have no time for it, and care as little for the society of the "pensive nun" as they do for that of her companions, "Spare Fast," "Retired Leisure," or the cherub Contemplation himself.

Beautiful are the woods, beyond description, in the time of the falling leaves. There are no sad and sober tints of green and brown and saffron, but masses of gorgeous colouring, too warm and glowing, one would say, to be, as the Indians tell us, the handiwork of Kabibonokka, the fierce north-wind, coming down from his home among the eternal ice and snow. Amid the foundation tints of green and tawny, flames the dark crimson of the gum, and the richer scarlet of the fire-tree, varied again by the bright and shifting amber of the oaks, and the clear yellow of the maple, upon whose broad and vine-like leaves time seems to write no wrinkle. When the October sun pours down upon the forest, the trees seem to be hung with coloured lamps, every leaf and spray lending its tiny flash to the general illumination; while the soft haze of the Indian summer, subduing that excessive sparkle, creates a fairer and more tender beauty, blending the russet of the cedar and the paler stains of the white-limbed hickory with the dying gleams of the stiff poplar, and its American namesake the tulip-tree, and, where all before was gold and rubies, breaks up the glory into soft amethyst, throbbing under a veil of silver mist.

The summer flowers are dead; yet what does it matter when you can still wander in this majestic forest garden? And yet how beautiful they were, those flowering shrubs and trees, from the pink "laurel," (I do not know its botanical name,) whose rosy clumps covered the low straggling bushes as thick as hawthorn, to the snowy blooms of the fragrant magnolia, the lilac-tinted althea, and the fiery cup of the stately tulip-tree. Why this magnificent tree has been called the American poplar I do not know, as it does not bear the slightest resemblance to the genus *Populus*. I believe that in the forests where it is indigenous, it reaches a gigantic size, twenty feet in circumference, and in height as many as a hundred and forty. Its stiff yellow cup, set in what might almost be called a deep saucer of leaves, sufficiently resembles a tulip to account for its flowery name. The locust-tree is not unlike a magnified laburnum in appearance, its slender pinnated leaves and delicate brown and white blossoms giving it a very graceful and feminine character. Much more curious is the smoke-tree, which is so exactly described by its name, that at a distance it is difficult to imagine how there can be so much smoke without fire. Coming nearer, the apparent vapour resolves itself into a cloud of purple down, shading off into white or grey, like the feathery seeds of the thistle or the dandelion, or the smoke from a cottage chimney. Hard by are the milky fringes of the paper-tree, waving their streamers of shred tissue in the wind; and among them flit the

"strange bright birds," blue, black, yellow, and red, either by name or nature. The blue-bird certainly is as blue as an ancient Briton, and the diminutive red-birds, coming to be fed in the snow, look, with their scarlet tufted heads, like a flock of little red riding-hoods; but the rich wings of the so-called blackbird are equally steeped in the most brilliant colouring—dark azure, vivid scarlet, or deep orange. The particular kind of oriole which indulges in a plumage of decided black and yellow, is known as the Baltimore-bird, having received that title in compliment to the first Lord Baltimore, whose domestics, it seems, were clad in that especial livery. The nest of the oriole is very curious. It chooses a slender fork at a great height from the ground, and there slings its bed like a sailor's hammock, with ropes of its own weaving, to the bough. The soft, brown, fibrous nest is tacked, so to speak, in three places to its airy rigging, and narrowed gradually to a point, so as to diminish the strain upon the fragile cordage. But ingenious as this is, it is only a rustic performance beside the exquisite work of that bird-fairy, the humming-bird. To hunt for the nest of this tiny creature is almost like looking for the philosopher's stone, as it builds its house on the same principle which leads the French chasseurs and the grasshoppers to dress in green. Upon a bough, crusted with moss or lichens, it fixes its delicate cradle, woven of silver and green, and only an inch in diameter. With the silken thread of the gossamer it stitches their grey starry blossoms thick and close to its walls, making it hardly possible to detect the structure, which might, after all, be crushed like a wasp's nest, its texture not being much firmer. And here the little creature broods and hums, and leaves its two white morsels of eggs gleaming, while it sucks the aroma of the lemon tree, dives into the scarlet trumpets of the coral honeysuckle, poises itself upon a heliotrope, rocks in the cup of a rose, fights with the humble-bee for honey, and fans its dazzling wings among the thick crimson fuschias, or under the pink crumpled petals of the delicate crape-myrtle. You cannot be certain if you have seen him; for, flitting hither and thither with inconceivable rapidity, in coat of jewelled mail, it may be a bird, a butterfly, or a flower. In the never-ceasing murmur of insect life, it is not easy to distinguish his cricket-like chirp, or the soft humming of his wings; and your very eye may be cheated by a gorgeous moth, or a swift-rushing dragonfly, or even by the grandfather of all the bees, in scarlet cap and velvet mantle. Now the sun flashes upon his breast of sapphire, or you see for a moment the green shiver of his wings as he dips into the white flower-bath of the Egyptian lily; then, as he darts away, you catch the ruby at his throat. He has at least found the secret of perpetual motion.

And now for that polyglot of the woods, the marvellous mocking-bird, who, as if conscious of his sober plumes, or to enhance the cleverness of his own performance, and keep his feathered brethren in a state of perpetual mystification, allows himself to be heard rather than seen. There is the whip-poor-will! But you cannot possibly tell whether it is Wawonaissa himself who is fluting so sadly to the evening star, any more than you can count how often he plays before midnight that air without variations, which is music enough to the fireflies, as they wheel like blots of light across one another's path, and up into the branches of the dark trees; the katy-dids, the mosquitoes, the frogs and the crickets, and all tribes of the earth and of the air keeping up the whole time an obligato accompaniment. The cry of the cat-bird could not be more successfully imitated by Grimalkin; but it will change in a moment to

the meek moan of the stock-dove, or the whirr of the partridge; while the very king of the air himself, the great war-eagle, is no more exempt from the liberties of the mimic, than the noisy raven or the hooting owl. Like the merry corn-huskers in *Hiawatha*, he will chatter like the magpies, laugh like the blue-jays, and sing like the robins, all in a breath. Not that he has no notes of his own, for his song is wild, and sweet, and full; but he is so taken up with the concerns of his neighbours, that he has little time for practising his own music. I was once asked by an exceedingly minute philosopher, whether it was possible for linguistic prodigies "to laugh in another language"—a question which made all who heard it laugh heartily enough in their own; but I am inclined to think that this matter of bird-laughter has something to do with my little friend's problem. Certain it is that the voices of these song-birds sound strange; they sing in a foreign language. Yes, there is undeniably a national music, and why not a national laughter? The ear accustomed to the thick, sweet, muffled warble of the English woods, finds a marked difference in the *style*, so to speak, of these brilliant birds. There is a sharpness, a shrillness, an individuality about their notes, which sounds more like education than nature, and puts you in mind of professionals. These gay and gorgeous "feathered people" appear to be the opera singers of creation, while our own little sober-suited minstrels are the village children, singing their May songs and their Christmas carols. We miss the clear trill of the sweet-throated thrush, the low, mellow voice of the blackbird, whistling with golden bill—a very Chrysostom—the quiet gladness of the linnet, even the pert chirping of the saucy sparrow, and all the gentle noise of a spring morning; but most of all we miss our household darling, robin redbreast; for there is no real robin in America. The Indian opechee, so called, is an entirely different species, a bird about the size of a thrush, and in colour more resembling a chaffinch, with its grey wings and brick-dust waistcoat. It is indeed a remarkable dispensation of Providence, which has bereft this peculiarly unchild-like country both of robins and daisies. Chaucer would have broken his heart there. Well for him that his lot was not cast in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, for he might have wandered from Maine to Florida without finding one of the "flowers, white and red, that men called daisies in his town;" and I fear that even a sight of the prairie seas of Texas, whose billows are flowers, would not have consoled him for the loss of his darlings. There is something always wanting. The grass without them looks like a sky without stars, or a field without sheep, or a nursery without children. Many efforts have been made to naturalize them, but in vain; and it is strange to see a limp and sickly-looking garden daisy being nursed and coddled in a greenhouse, while kalmias, azaleas, cacti, and a whole tribe of exotics are wasting their sweetness on the desert air.

The eastern shore of Maryland is by no means a favourable site for the pursuit of wild flowers: I know not for what reason; for I believe that on the western shore, or, at all events, in Eastern Virginia, they are profuse and plentiful. By far the most beautiful thing I ever found in the woods was a fungus, so exquisite as to be almost indescribable. It goes by the name of the Indian Pipe, but no Indian ever moulded one so beautiful. Its appearance is as of the finest sculptured marble or alabaster, the stem rising from the ground to the height of about four inches, so that the bowl, in its growing position, hangs downward, like the head of a snowdrop. But the fungus has none of the fragility of

the flower, and when gathered retains its original attitude as firmly as the calumet itself. The shape of the bowl is exactly that of a harebell, the stem being notched all the way to the mouth-piece, with tiny leaves in fine relief, the whole as white and perfect as if it had been carved in ivory. I was exceedingly anxious to preserve one of these treasures, and was advised to try the effect of steeping them in strong corn-whisky, which in an evil hour I consented to do; for I am sure the counsel must have been instigated by the aggrieved Puk-wudjies, or little wild men of the woods. When I came to examine my delicate calumets, they were as ruinously and hopelessly blackened as if they had been in the wigwams of the Choctaws and the Chickasaws, and all the warriors of the Six Nations had been using them for peace-pipes.

But we have been long enough in the woods for one while, and perhaps we had better go home. The boys are hungry with their long ride, and the horses also are beginning to think of supper. So come, Chinkapin, no grumbling; for once you shall see the sun set. You will canter home fast enough when your head is turned to the stable. Here comes a wood-cart home through the forest, and old Sam Patch himself sitting huddled among the timbers that he is carrying for his winter fire. The great cords of wood are standing heaped up in the clearings. He gives a loud grunt to the strong patient oxen, who have bowed their necks to the yoke too long to be disobedient, and require no other warning. He then changes the note to an equally inarticulate gurgle, which is intended as a benison to us. It is impossible to help thinking of Wordsworth's "Thorn," he

"looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say,
How he could ever have been young,
He looks so old and grey.
Like rock or stone, he is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top—
A melancholy crop."

Sam's politeness evinces itself in a twitch of the said lichens, and a shuffle of the best intentions, with a private grin and word for the especial benefit of Mars' Tom, who is on speaking terms with every black man, woman, and child within ten miles round. The conversation may be termed Parthian, as it is pursued flying, and all the shots tell backward.

"Well, Uncle Sam!" at the pitch of his voice.

"Well, Mars' Tom!" grinning.

"Been for wood, Sam?"

"Iss, Mars' Tom."

"Well, Sam!"

A delighted gurgle.

Not particularly interesting, but enough for poor old Sam, who replaces his straw thatch with a sentiment of admiration in his whole anatomy, not only for Mars' Tom in particular, but for every hair in his horse's tail.

We rode on in silence, and the scarlet glory of the sunset lighted us home. A bank of clouds had risen over the west, and the trees of the wood were cut clean in two—the top fire, the bottom shade. As we got out into the cleared land, however, the clouds sailed to the southward. There was a belt of orange behind the river, that faded up into clear green. Then came blue night, and the stars in thousands.

LEIPSIC FAIR.

XVI.—AMUSEMENTS.

AND now let us see what amusement, as it is called, the fairs provide for our "Mess Fremde."* Before six o'clock

* "Mess Fremde" is the name by which all strangers visiting the fair are denoted.

in the morning he is awakened by the growling, and squeaking, and groaning of musical instruments; first a "Choral" is played, then a polka, then an opera air or "Volkslied;" then his tormentors leave him to curl himself under his feather-bed, in his snuff-box of a bedstead, to be re-awakened at intervals of a quarter of an hour, by the same process; and so it goes on, from morn till night. All these different bands of musicians have to play before an officer of the police before they can obtain permission to make themselves heard in public. Considering the qualifications of some who are allowed to pass, it is difficult to imagine what degree of musical atrocity is possessed by the plucked. The greater part of the wind instrument-players come from the Saxon Erzgebirge; many of them wear the miners' uniform, the leathern apron of which, worn behind, gives them something of the appearance of human beavers. In the three fairs of 1860, no less than 970 musicians of all kinds received permission to play; and as comparatively few attend the New Year's Fair (when there are no shows or drinking-booths), there must have been at least 400 at each of the chief fairs. Presnitz, a little Bohemian mining-village, contributes a large contingent to the fair musicians; from its coppery hills come all the harp and fiddle-playing girls. A woman, Elizabeth Enzmann, known in the world of art by the masculine name of Alexander Lise, and among her own people as Anne Lis Mydl, established a kind of village school for teaching the harp and singing, between 1780 and 1790. She must have been an artist of no ordinary power; she won the applause of crowned heads, and some tried to secure her for the operas of royal residences, but she loved the mountains of her little village too much; and when, in 1811, Presnitz was almost entirely destroyed by fire, the seeds of art which she had sown bore fruit; her pupils took up their harps and wandered forth, and with voice and fingers charmed contributions from their hearers, and then returned to their village, and with their gains helped to re-erect their desolated homes. But the wandering fever had seized them—they could not remain at home; ever must they again and again start forth on their pilgrimages, and their children have followed their example; throughout the whole of Germany and the Austrian provinces, and even in Russia, does the traveller meet the harp-girls of Presnitz. As a body, they bear a very favourable character—some succumb to the temptations of their wandering life, and are never seen in their village again; but the majority, when age steals upon them, either remain at home instructing young disciples in the mystery of their art, or accompany the younger wanderers on their excursions, to warn them from the pitfalls which lie in their way.

Here we come upon a party of both sexes, whose high green hats would make us believe that their wearers came from the mountains of the Tyrol; many a groschen do they draw from the pockets of enthusiastic youths by their songs of the perils of the chase, and of the loves of the faithful Tyrolese, and by the piquant, jiggy strains of their "Schnaderhüpfel." It is a pity to dissipate youthful illusions, but the truth must be told; hardly a single one of the whole lot has ever been within sight of the homes of the chamois. From the plains of Saxony, from the sands of Berlin, from the green fields of the north of Bavaria, do they come; their character does not stand quite so high as is the case with their sisters from Presnitz. Barrel-organs, ground by old soldiers and crippled miners, the latter generally having on their instruments sections of mines, with moveable figures of miners at work; grand orchestras, consisting of an accordion and a trombone, the harmony in very wide

intervals; cithern players from Styria—all help to add to the noise, if not to the harmony, which fills the city from morning to night. But there is a compensation in all things; between the fairs not a single band or instrument is allowed to play in the streets; but in the fairs we get up to music, we breakfast, we dine, we sup to music—music, music, everywhere; and among it, some to which it is no torture to listen. Theatrical performances also are frequent.

Here, step up these stairs, and see what is making such a rumbling and a roaring. It is a roundabout, and instead of chairs and horses it has all kinds of railway engines, lions, dragons, and every beast that ever did, or did not, exist. But see how very calmly the youngsters take it (by-the-by, they are not all young youngsters—I have caught a glimpse of some sober, elderly burgher youngsters, who, of course, are only gone "for the children's sake," only I don't exactly see their children among the group; and even a learned Professor may be seen making experiments as to the power of centrifugal force)—but these young youngsters sit like juvenile metaphysicians, contemplating the inward essence of things, while an English lad would be screaming, and shouting, and laughing; and ten to one, if you do see some larking going on, or hear anything like chaffing, you find it is most pure vernacular English or American; and a piece of music, with the yellow or red label of the musical library, sticking up out of the pocket, leaves no doubt that the fun is concocted by some of the English and American pupils of the Conservatory, or of the Commercial School. Now we are in the fresh air again. Hung up against a booth are some sheets of canvas, painted in the most brilliant style of fair art. They illustrate the history of some horrible murder; or the misfortunes of some fair girl of humble origin who was companion to a great lady; and how a rich cavalier fell in love with the maid instead of the mistress; and how the great lady shut up the unfortunate beauty in the vault of a ruined castle, among bleaching bones; and how this vault was the hiding-place of a band of brigands, who were so enraptured by the maiden's beauty, that they tended her with the greatest care, but would not let her go; and how the robber band was routed by the rich cavalier, who rescued his beloved; and how the great lady's cruelty was punished, and the united pair lived happy ever after. The admiring crowd buy the books which contain these and many other such foolish "sensation" histories; but it may be observed that the buyers are principally peasant folk.

Let us now take a walk between the refreshment booths. See how they are filled with clouds of smoke; great is the consumption of beer; yards and yards of long, thin sausages are pulled out of the boilers, and vanish down the throats of the hungry sight-seers. Sentimental youths and grave old gentlemen alike congregate here. Meanwhile, at the end of the booth the "Tyrolese" girls are singing and dancing on a little platform, from which, after each performance, they descend and come round, holding out a sheet of music for the hoped-for groschen. With all the drinking that is going on, a drunken man is rarely seen, and a drunken woman—never.

Shall we look at the fat boar, or the bear's family, or the wolf, or the fat lady? They are the same all the world over. But stop! what is that upright little tower, covered with calico curtains? Can it possibly be a Punch show? A kind of a Punch show it certainly is; but how strangely unnatural does it sound to hear Punch speak German; and, in crossing the Channel, he has left his lively "rrrrrootyootytoo" behind him, and he has

lost his unctuous, reedy voice, and speaks like other mortals. He calls himself "Caspar," and is as great a rascal as his English brother, and knocks about the policeman, and is carried off at the end (at least I believe so, for I have never yet been able to see an end—perhaps the spectators did not give enough Pfennig); but there is a want of the high animal spirits which distinguish our Punch. Caspar, although very witty, is too metaphysical—a metaphysical Punch!—and then there is no Toby!

Here is a show with mechanical figures—scenes from sacred history and from the life of the first Napoleon mixed up in the most strange confusion; and the crowd seems to see nothing irreverent in the mixture. An absence of the sense of the ludicrous and the incongruous seems to me to be very characteristic of the German temperament; they are easily amused by things which we should think almost childish. I have seen a room full of grown-up people all in roars of laughter at a doll, dressed as a little old woman, being made to dance up and down on the jet of a fountain; and yet, let something ludicrous happen when they do not expect it, and not a muscle will be stirred. But to return to our show. The history of Napoleon is a great favourite, and all the famous scenes of his life are represented in serio-comic style by wooden puppets. There are yet other groups, but of subjects too solemn for joking.

Out again into the fresh air! To-day there is an especial crowd of sight-seers. It is the "fast-day" in Prussia. It would be far too practical a step towards the attainment of the much-talked-of German unity, were all the States to agree upon one day for such a purpose. So each goes his own way. The Prussian fast-day always occurs in the middle of the Leipsic Easter fair, when many Prussians hasten over the border, and come in shoals to the fair (the Saxons return the visit on *their* fast-days). There are almost always more pockets picked on the Prussian fast-day than on any other day. The Berlin swell-mob—"Schrottenfeller," as they are called in German thieves' language—not long ago made a very bold venture; from twelve to two o'clock is a dinner and siesta interval, and all the banks and wholesale houses and several shops are closed. During this interval some thief, with the help of false keys, entered a bank situated in one of the most frequented streets, opened four doors, helped himself to 10,000 thalers in bank-notes, showing his knowledge of finance by selecting those which were the most easy to pass, and then quietly took his departure. The rascal was not found out, but he is supposed to have come from Berlin, whence, according to the assertion of the Leipsickers, come all those who distinguish themselves by their disorderly behaviour during the fairs. The orderliness of the street boys in Leipsic is something wonderful to any one who has listened with amazement to the exquisite impudence of a London street boy, to whom even "Perleeceman X." is only an object to be chaffed—provided he be at a safe distance.

Look at these long, brilliantly-lighted sheds. They are the "shooting-booths," and people of all ages are most gravely screwing up their mouths and eyes that they may the better aim with their "spring guns" at the pipes in dolls' mouths, soldiers tottering on pins, or, greatest effect of all, at the targets, which are so arranged that, if the bull's-eye be hit, a curtain flies up to the sound of trumpets and drums, and a group of mechanical figures is revealed to the eye; they stand and move, and bow and curtsy, with wondrous grace. One such group consisted of our gracious Queen and the royal children—but such monsters! Our good Consul-

general ought really to have interfered, and demanded that the government should put it down as a libel upon a friendly sovereign. But King Johann of Saxony fared no better, so we will try to bear the insult.

Here are horse-riders, (Renz has splendid horses,) wild beasts, acrobats, conjurers, a stolid performing bull, and such like exhibitions, but they have nothing to distinguish them from similar shows in England.

But what is this greasy smell, in its effect almost as bad as a steam-packet? These are the cake booths, where "Kladderadatsches," "watch-spring" cakes, and all kinds of pastry dainties are spread out to tempt the hungry crowd. But let me advise my "Mess Fremde" by no means to eat any "Krepelchen;" these are some hot combination of grease and flour, to be eaten by no one who is unfortunate enough to have a digestion of less than ostrich power. Some few fairs ago a damsel who attended to the frying of these execrable cakes, fell into the copper of boiling fat, and was so injured that she soon died. One of the city clergy was requested to attend her funeral. This is by no means a thing of course, for of the 1500 funerals which yearly take place in Leipsic, only about 250 are solemnized with any religious ceremony; the clergy are ready to attend, even without fees, but their attendance is not required. The procession set off; it was attended by all the show-folk, lion-tamers, snake-charmers, horse-riders, acrobats, rope-dancers, and all the tribe who live by putting their lives in danger. The Pastor was of course in full canonicals—his black gown, the quaint old-world ruff, some six or eight inches broad, which makes a Leipsic clergyman look as if he were carrying his head in a dish: in the carriage with him were three representatives of the different classes of showmen. In the Lutheran church there is no special form of burial service, but the clergyman delivers an address to the mourners. Our good Pastor determined to avail himself of what he had just heard, and spoke with real feeling to the by-standers; he pointed out to them the peculiar dangers and temptations to which their calling exposed them, and urged them to think whether they could not find some other means of gaining a livelihood. Never had he a more impressible audience; tears were flowing from all eyes, and every one seemed really moved. When the service was ended, there was a general whispering among the show-people; presently two or three came forward as a deputation; they thanked the Pastor most gratefully for his address, and, in the name of all the others—promised to renounce their calling?—no, but begged the Pastor to allow them to show their gratitude by giving him a free admission to all their shows for the rest of the fair!

But it's getting late, and we want some supper. A Leipsic guide would say there was choice enough. There is the "Schützenhaus," with its illuminated gardens and its fountains, its instrumental and vocal concerts, and its handsome rooms; and there is "Auerbach's Cellar;" and then there is the "Hotel de Pologne," with its rooms decorated to represent an Italian landscape, and where we learn a new geological fact, of which I doubt whether Professor Sedgwick is aware, viz., that the mountains of Italy are formed of bales of no definite shape, done up in crumpled brown paper, and drenched with water-pots of verdigris, and that they have grottoes in their recesses, formed of wrinkly lead tea-paper; here, too, there is music. But perhaps it is best that we should go into the "Central Halle"—so named, because it is quite on one side of the city: there we can listen to a capital Prussian military band, as well as one of the Leipsic bands. It is curious

how, out of a few bits of coloured paper, a German can make all kinds of really tasteful decorations; the tables are adorned with large plants of camelias, roses, and oleanders; and festoons of lilies and ivy-leaves run from pillar to pillar, and all only of paper. We order our beefsteak and our light wine, and look round at our neighbours. It is impossible to be in a German crowd without seeing how the public mind is on the stretch. Every national or patriotic melody of the Fatherland is greeted with a storm of applause, the French national air with hisses. Would that the German rulers were less anxious about their dynastic interests, and were more desirous to govern in harmony with the opinions of the educated, constitutional classes; but at present there are, perhaps, only three German regents who are really liberal and constitutional from conviction. We see around us many a well-to-do Leipsic citizen, who has brought his wife and his little ones to give them a treat in the fair. They are kindly people, these Saxons, and, especially is Leipsic distinguished for an inexhaustible flow of charity, whether for individuals or communities—whether for countrymen or foreigners—only appeal to them for help in a case of need, and they are always ready to help, and what is rarer, continue their help so long as it is needed.—But the last notes have sounded, and we come into the quiet streets, for Leipsic goes to bed early; soon after ten the city is almost as still as an English village; the watchman, armed with his long pole, is on his rounds, and just as we pass he blows his trumpet in our ears, and intones his warning that it is time to put out fire and light. Should any obstreperous students begin to make a row in the streets, the watchman cannot at once arrest them, but must first exhort them thrice to be quiet; then if they disobey, he walks them off to the police-office; but as his power is limited to a particular district, the riotous fellows generally select a spot on the border for their performances, and step over the boundary-line after the third exhortation; then the watchman must perform a solo on his trumpet to call his brother Charley to his help. Few of the watchmen are altogether insensible to the influence of a cigar, if it be adroitly conveyed into their hands; but it must not be accompanied by the usual greeting which passes between friends, at night—"Schlafen Sie wohl," i. e., "May you sleep well," such a greeting no watchman can bear with equanimity: even cigars will not restore his amiability. Besides his trumpet, each watchman has another large horn, which he only blows in case of fire, and then he makes a row as if all the beasts in the menagerie were gone mad, and were roaring through the streets.

We turn into the Promenade, which runs all round the city, and in the spring circles the "Inner Town" with a moat of honeysuckles, lilacs, horse-chesnuts, laburnums, and acacias; and in one part, where the last remnant of the ancient moat is dammed up, to make a little lake, there is an actual hill, the "Schneckenberg," or Snails' Mountain, which may rise some 300 inches—the Mont Blanc of Leipsic. On its giddy height, where there is now a monument to the genial fable-writer, Gellert, Weber was inspired to compose his "Lützow's Wild Chase." We go further on the Promenade, and come where Sebastian Bach's bust, with its strongly-marked features, nestles under the "Thomas School," where he was Cantor for so many years, and for whose use he wrote those wonderful Motetts, which compel us to suppose that his musical ideas did not reside in any one "bump," but were so spread through his whole brain, that when they were photo-

graphed on paper they retained all the sinuous fugue convolutions of the cerebral organ through which they had passed. The musical part of the service in the Leipsic churches is sung by the boys and young men of the Thomas School, and as a reward for the use of their sweet voices, they were till this year compelled to go about in huge chimney-pots of hats, under which the younger boys seemed in momentary danger of extinction.*—But what can that strange sound from the west be? It is something like the hum of distant machinery, with occasionally a much louder melancholy note. It is the croaking, "quarken" the Germans call it, of myriads of frogs; as everything in Leipsic is musical, so do the frogs croak in common chords—at least so a learned professor of harmony has assured me.

Above us, spectral-looking in the moonlight, rises the high-pitched roof of the Thomas Church. Aloft in the tower, the light from the Thürmer's window shows where he is on the look-out, to give the alarm in case of fire, and where he is waiting to hammer out the hour when the Rathhaus clock has given the signal. It must be a strange life, 200 feet above the streets. One of the Thürmers of the Thomas Church had once a pretty daughter; among other duties she had to attend to the windlass, by which the supply of coals, wood, and water was drawn up. But the maid had a lover, and as she could not give him the key of the tower door, she used to draw him up too in the wood bucket, and take him in at the window. This the Thürmer discovered, and as he did not approve of such clandestine goings on, determined to put an end to it; so one evening when pretty Jette was busy at the windlass, he went into the room; he told her to go and get his coffee ready, while he would go on winding up the "bucket." Poor Jette dared not say anything, but hurried out, hoping to be back before the contents of the bucket came to view. But as soon as she was gone, and the Thürmer had got his load about half way up, he put the catch upon the wheel, and locked the door of the room. What was Jette's dismay on trying to open the door! She hurried down the winding steps, from light-hole to light-hole, and, hanging half-way up, she found her lover; she could only whisper her sorrow and sympathy through the narrow crevice. There he had to dangle the livelong night. When he was released in the morning, he made a firm resolve never to look so high for a sweetheart again—a notable warning, in Leipsic and elsewhere, against going a courting without consent of parents.

We are now soon in the Market-place. The fair has come to an end. The booths are removed. The Rathhaus with its picturesque tower and gables, the surrounding houses with their bold oriel windows, and their quaint roofs, at all kinds of angles and pitches, one adorned with a pert little toasting-fork of a spire, others with eccentric turrets, all shimmer in the peaceful moonlight. We wonder whether this can be the same spot where, for a month, all has been noise and bustle.

And here we bid our "Mess Fremde" farewell, and part from Leipsic with the heartiest wishes that neither war nor pestilence may again interrupt her messes, but at the same time hoping that the foolish revelry which mingles with the business of the Fair may gradually die out, as Christian education and morality extend among the people.

* At the very moment I am correcting these notes, the funeral of the late Rector of the Thomas School, Dr. Kraner—the third within two years—is passing the street. To this excellent man the school is indebted for the abolition of the hats, and for the reform of other antiquated customs.

Varieties.

ALL WORLDLY THINGS TRANSITORY.—It was a custom in Rome, that when the emperor went by upon some grand day in all his imperial pomp, there was an officer appointed to burn flax before him, crying out *Sic transit gloria mundi*, which was purposely done to put him in mind that all his honour and grandeur should soon vanish and pass away, like the nimble smoke raised from that burning flax. And it was a good meditation that one had, standing by a river side: "The water which I see, now runs away, and I see it no more; and the comforts of this world are like this running water, still gliding and running away from me." It must therefore be our care so to use this world as if we used it not, for the fashion of it passeth away; and seeing we cannot enjoy the comforts thereof any long time, let us use them well to God's glory that gave them, and not abuse them to our own prejudice.

PHENICIAN KEY TO ASSYRIAN RECORDS.—Sir Henry Rawlinson has made a discovery, which promises to be of material assistance in reading the monumental records of Assyria. "I have found," he says, "that a considerable number of the contract tablets have a memorandum in the cursive Phœnician character scratched upon their margin, intended, as it would seem, to assist the Nineveh Librarian in the arrangement of the documents. These Phœnician legends are rude and in many cases nearly illegible; but wherever I have been able to read them, I have found them to give the same names as are inscribed in the cuneiform character on the body of the tablet: the much desired test of bilingual writing being thus at length obtained."

LIBRARY OF ST. CATHERINE'S CONVENT AT MOUNT SINAI.—We spent a considerable time in the library of the convent, and I felt more interest in examining its dusty and confused tomes than I had expected. Burckhardt says it contains fifteen hundred Greek volumes, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts. ("Syria," p. 551). I did not think them so numerous (A. D. 1843). Several works in the Syriac, Hebrew, and other Eastern languages, and in the Slavonic and other European tongues, have to be added to this description of its contents. Copies of the Scriptures (including Bibles left by Joseph Wolff), Liturgies, Acts of Councils, Works of the Fathers, and Lives of the Saints, abound in it. In the apartments of the Archbishop, the superior, when specially requested, showed to us the celebrated manuscript of the Four Gospels in Greek, beautifully written on vellum, in double columns, and in large uncial letters of gold, and highly illuminated and ornamented with pictures of the apostles, and other similar devices. We were not able to learn anything definite respecting its age; and we know not that it has ever been collated. It commences with the Gospel according to John. Along with it there was shown to us a manuscript Greek Psalter, in a very fine hand, said to have been written by a Byzantine princess. I strongly recommended the superior to make out a catalogue of the books in the library, and to keep them in order. By the monks, who are mostly illiterate men, not even ecclesiastics of any description, it is almost entirely neglected.—*Dr. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible."*

GARDENING BY THE ROYAL CHILDREN.—Let us visit the Swiss Cottage and the gardens of the Royal children. These are interesting for the proof they give of the practical good sense that has guided the education which the Prince thought necessary for his family; for here essentially is a school, at which domestic and most useful instruction is given and received. Every garden, consisting of several plots, contains flowers (roses, lilies, pinks, etc.), and, in separate beds, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, among fruits; and asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, turnips, cabbages of various sorts, onions, carrots, parsnips, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables. The cultivation of all these plants has to be looked after; and close by, in the Swiss Cottage, is a kitchen, where the vegetables which have been grown by every little gardener may be washed and cooked; where cooking of other kinds is carried on; where, indeed, all the apparatus exists for juvenile entertainments, given by those who have thus themselves carried out the whole process, from the planting of the seed or set, up to the preparation of its produce as food. It is extremely interesting to see—in the orderly arrangement of the

tools, each one bearing its owner's name, in the well-tilled plots, even in the arrangements for practice and instruction in the kitchen, as well as in the admirable collections, illustrative of various branches of natural history, in the museum upstairs—proofs of that regard for the systematic, the useful, and the practical, which the Prince Consort was known to possess. And still more interesting is it to learn that not only are the immediate ends contemplated in these things fully attained, but that the family bond is strengthened here, as in humbler instances, by every homely family enjoyment shared by all in common. The Crown Princess of Prussia still retains her little garden, and produce from it is sent each summer from Osborne to Berlin.—"*The Royal Farms*," by Morton.

ROYAL FISHMONGERS.—The Prince of Wales has been enrolled in the Fishmongers Company, an honour previously conferred upon that body by both his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, Frederick Prince of Wales. The Guard of honour on the occasion of his reception consisted of eighteen watermen, all wearing the Doggett's badge. His Royal Highness read the following reply, which is interesting as being one of his first public speeches—"It is with the greatest pleasure that I find myself called on to return my sincere thanks to you, sir, as Prime Warden, and to the gentlemen of the Court of Assistants of this honourable and ancient Company of Fishmongers, for the complimentary and kind terms in which you have expressed yourselves towards me on the occasion of my taking up my freedom, and on your enrolling my name as a citizen with those illustrious personages and relatives who stand recorded in your annals. It cannot be otherwise than a source of pride, and of a still deeper feeling, that of affection, when I look on these walls, and see the forefathers of those whose son and grandson hopes to form one of your distinguished body; and to be thought worthy of occupying the place of that lamented parent whose loss the whole country has united in deploring, would be in itself an object of my highest ambition. Gentlemen, let me also tender to you my warmest acknowledgments for the manner in which you have offered your congratulations to me on my approaching marriage, and to the young princess who hopes so soon to adopt the proud title of an Englishwoman, and to prove herself a comfort to the Queen in her affliction."

GERMAN LITERATURE.—The following list of the literary productions of Germany during the years 1861 and 1862, abridged from the official "Börsenblatt," published at Leipzig may prove of interest to English readers. It may be remarked that smaller publications, such as pamphlets, flying sheets, and similar issues of the press, are not included in the list:—

	1861.	1862.
Theology	1391	1459
History and Biography	618	591
Jurisprudence and Politics	986	990
Medicine	436	446
Natural History	512	485
Philosophy	71	94
Educational Works	629	843
Juvenile Books	244	283
Classical and Oriental Works	372	316
Modern Languages	242	291
Mathematics and Astronomy	98	78
Geography	252	243
Strategy and Military Science	199	207
Commerce and Trade	323	334
Architecture and Engineering	181	187
Metallurgy and Mining	93	91
Agriculture and Horticulture	288	286
Belles Lettres	908	916
Fine Arts	419	434
Works on Freemasonry	20	21
Slavonic and Hungarian Publications	152	180
Maps and Charts	163	172
Miscellaneous Books	583	624
Total	9566	9779

The list shows that the publication of books in Germany is going on at the rate of twenty-seven *per diem*, including Sundays. In Great Britain and Ireland, according to a recent article in the "Spectator," the production amounts to only 4828 new books a-year, or thirteen a-day.—*The Bookseller.*

* * A Coloured Illustration is issued with each monthly Part of "The Leisure Hour" and "Sunday at Home," or with the first weekly Number of each month. Price of each Part, 6d.; price of each Number, 1d., or with Coloured Illustration, 2d.

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From the **QUARTERLY REVIEW**, Jan. 1863.

"Let us in passing pay a tribute of warm commendation to that capital periodical 'The Leisure Hour.'"

From the **BOOKSELLER**.

"'The Leisure Hour' and 'Sunday at Home' are both of them admirably suited for home reading. Both contain a vast number of useful and instructive facts, with tales, biographies, poems, and miscellaneous articles of a very high class. Both are illustrated by wood engravings from drawings by Gilbert, and other eminent artists, and both form handsome volumes when bound at the end of the year. As soon as the paper duty was abolished, the proprietors of 'The Leisure Hour' determined to give all the benefit of the decreased cost of production to their readers. They, therefore, enlarged the size and increased the weight of the sheet; and, at the completion of the volume, presented a beautiful chromo-lithographic frontispiece. Now, as to the quality of the tales and sketches thus illustrated. The tales are good tales of life as it really exists, with the morals sensibly suggested rather than obtruded, as is the case in some stories we have read in professedly religious publications; the sketches, whether they be of famous places, remarkable events, or remarkable people, are graphic and terse; while the poems and shorter pieces are all of them pointed, tender, and true: true, that is, to the main purpose of the publication, to instruct while it interests. In 'The Leisure Hour' the principle of the motto adopted from Cowper is excellently sustained—

'Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.'

"'The Sunday at Home' is of a somewhat graver character, as becomes a 'family magazine for sabbath reading.' It, too, contains a number of tales, biographies, and poems; in addition to the notes and illustrations, pleasant homilies and instructive explanations of difficult passages of Scripture. But these last, though explanatory, are not controversial, and it is much to say for the work, that it may be read in any family without offending religious prejudices or raising disputed questions."

From the **PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR**.

"The volumes of 'The Leisure Hour' and 'The Sunday at Home' show that the Religious Tract Society are not behind-hand in the 'getting up' of their publications. We are glad to notice the publishers' promise that during the new year they will give a coloured plate with each monthly part, and that these plates will be sold separately at one penny each. If this idea be well carried out, every cottager will be able to hang his rooms with little pictures that will help to make his home cheerful and pleasant-looking."

From the **MORNING POST**.

"'The Leisure Hour' has now reached its 11th volume, and 'The Sunday at Home' its 9th—these figures corresponding with the number of years they respectively embrace. It is no small praise to those who conduct them (and it will be observed that both emanate from the same source) to say that their busy hours have been so long and uninterruptedly employed in lightening the 'leisure hours' of their readers, and in contributing to the enjoyment of their 'Sundays at home.' The conductors of 'The Leisure Hour' have shown themselves alive to the fact that each weekly number must contain as much variety as possible, and that the great element of attraction should be a judicious blending of the entertaining and the instructive, and not without a moderate seasoning of that which is generally designated *facetiae*. It would be difficult to find a page which does not contain some useful instruction upon subjects of popular interest."

"'The Sunday at Home' is adapted especially to the Sabbath. Much valuable information is given upon scriptural subjects, which sometimes become matter of discussion and controversy; and the allusions which are made to Holy Writ appear to result from a conscientious desire to arrive at a faithful interpretation of the sacred volume. One of the leading attractions of the volume is a continuous story which extends through a long succession of numbers, under the title of 'From Dark to Dawn in Italy: a Tale of the Reformation in the 16th Century,' and which is illustrated with excellent cuts."

From the **MORNING HERALD**.

"These two volumes once more come before us, and, once more, we have nothing for them except unqualified praise. Every one knows 'The Leisure Hour,' every one 'The Sunday at Home,' and both periodicals are as widely appreciated as they are known. There are no cheaper and better weekly pennyworths in England, and the annual volumes furnish a mass of reading and of illustrations anywhere unequalled at the price. The paper and the print are both far superior to those of the ordinary run of penny weekly publications, and the matter is generally unexceptionable in tone and in composition. We wish 'The Leisure Hour' especially a very great and continued success. Its large circulation enables it in no small degree to counteract the baneful effects of some of its sensational rivals, and though we are not sanguine enough to expect that the majority of the readers of that trash will ever be satisfied with the decorous 'Leisure Hour,' we believe that the latter is doing very much to disseminate among the lower strata of society sound and sensible opinions which will bear fruit some day."

From the **WEEKLY REVIEW**.

"We cannot speak in too high commendation of 'The Sunday at Home.' We know of no book that is so well adapted for Sunday reading. The writing is not only of the very first order of thought for a book of this description, but the subjects treated upon, and the language used, are of such a nature as at once to rivet the attention of the reader so soon as he opens the book. The Religious Tract Society is deserving of all praise for the good it is doing in issuing such books as these at so cheap a rate. We should consider this book cheap at double the price. We certainly think every father of a family should have it upon his table."

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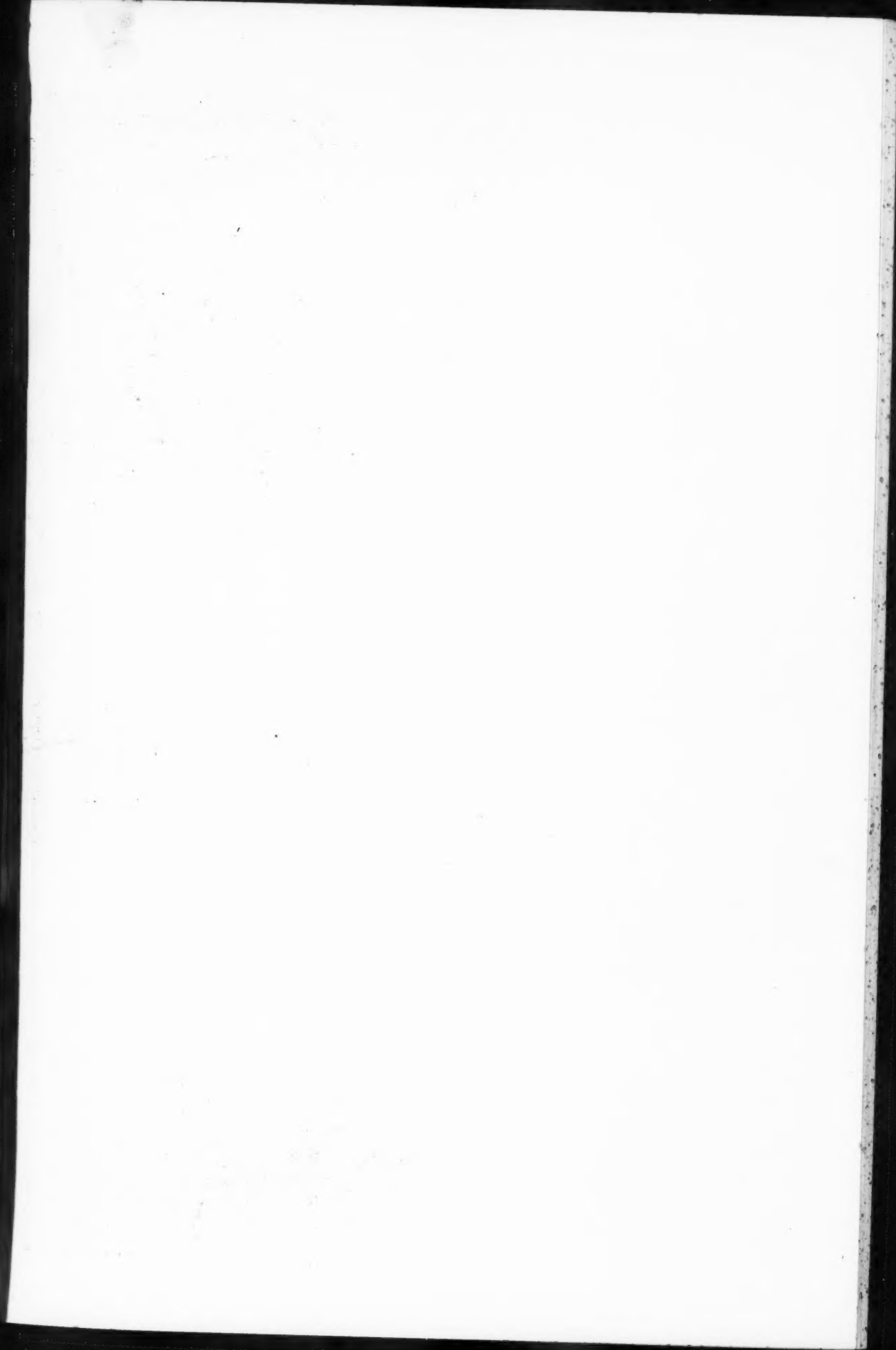
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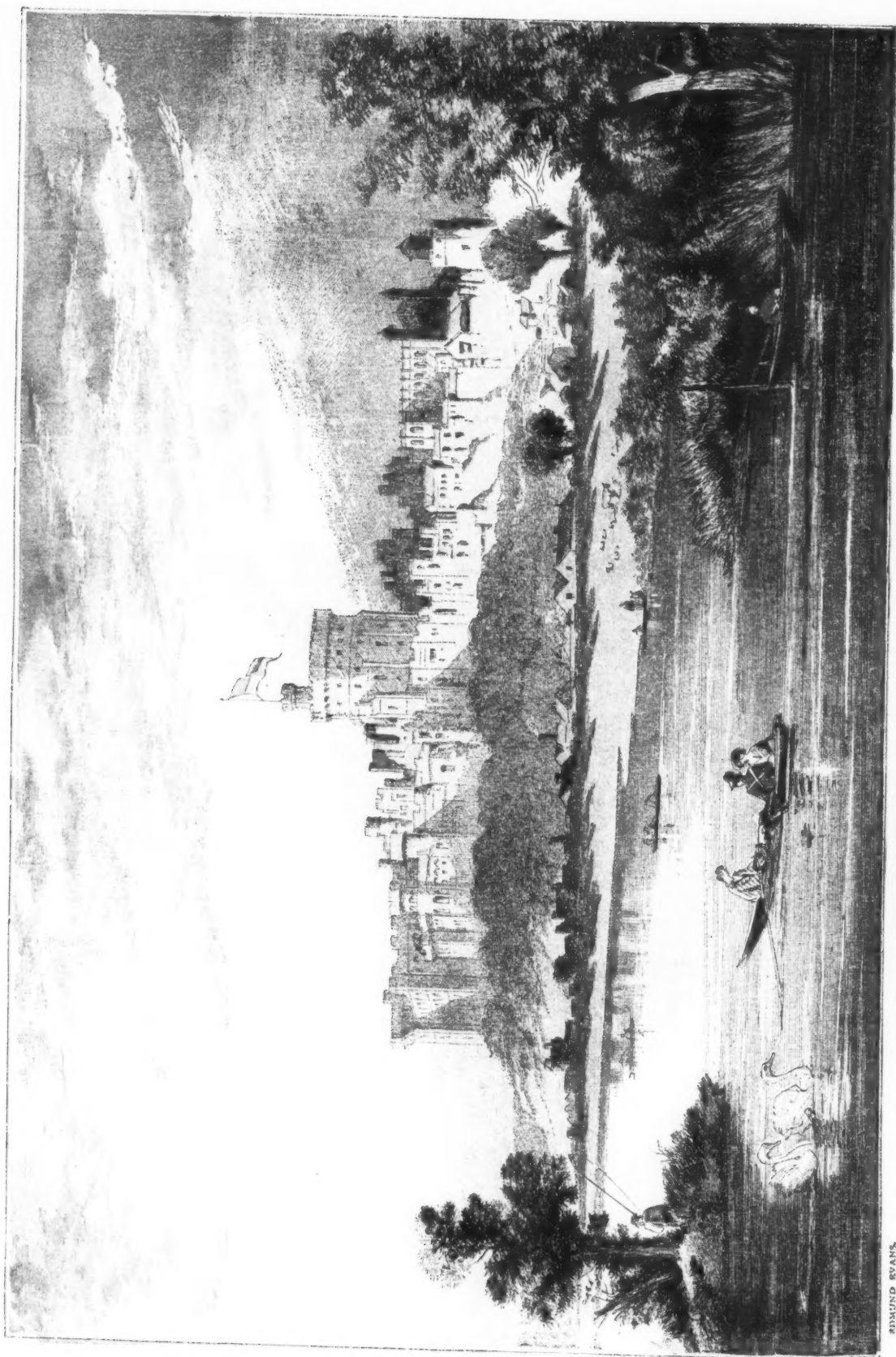
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